

November 30<sup>th</sup> 1830.

My dear friend Debora

This is a dreadful storm, and I feel so very dull, that I believe I will write you a long letter, in hopes to feel better by the time I get through. I send this by Caroline who I suppose passes Thanksgiving with you. I should think you would like to all be together on that day, as it seems to be a proper time, for all families to be together, but I presume all your sisters will not be with you. Anne appears to be enjoying herself very much, I am glad to see it, but Debora my dear I have come to the conclusion that there is very little enjoyment in this world. I received your short note, by which I was sorry to learn, that your knee was so poorly, but I sincerely hope it is better now. I have something of the same sort, my heel is rather troublesome, ~~from~~ owing to my shoes pressing against it. I shall be obliged to be very careful, as there is great danger of my getting cold in it, and then I should be laid up for the winter and that would be a great disappointment. So I sincerely hope that it will heal up soon. (forgive me for making this joke). I am very much disappointed that the weather is so bad to day as I was going to pass the day with Maria, I am there about half of the time, I enjoy myself greatly while with her, and feel rather unpleasantly when I am separated as I have been with her so much. Melania and I called there yesterday, had a very pleasant call, we have been to school together one Saturday, and it looked as natural as the pigs, as they say. Last night I wrote you, but the letter looked so bad that I was quite ashamed of it, and have now begun an other on Canton paper as that is my favourite paper to write on. I was greatly obliged to you dear for writing in my book it is quite an honour to the book, it is quite executed so very neatly. Give my kind regards to Aunt Mary, and tell her I thank her also. We are all delighted with our new house it is very convenient and a pleasant situation.



I look forward to the time with much pleasure when I shall see you  
in town and I hope it will be soon. I <sup>strongly</sup> think you would like to be  
here Christmas, to go to St Pauli. My cousin Matilda was here  
yesterday, she is coming in this week to make a visit, she is  
a sweet creature as ever lived I wish you knew her. I wish  
Caroline was in town oftener, I see so little of her, that it is nothing  
more than an aggrivation. I wrote my brother Philip a day  
or two since, we have not heard from him since I saw  
you, there is to be a ball at Hingham on Thanksgiving  
eve, we shall ~~some~~ of us do ourselves the pleasure  
to go, they take that night, because there are so many more  
gentlemen there then. you have probably heard the rage  
there is at present for transferring pictures to wood  
Angelina has done her box and it looks perfectly  
splendid, she was very successful, although it was her  
first attempt, she is now doing mine, and I anticipate  
the pleasure of having a splendid box. I wish you  
could see it. are you aware that this is the last day  
of autumn? I can hardly realize it when I think of  
last year at this time I am ready to fly. not have had  
so much unpleasant weather, that I have been out very  
little, West St is the extent of my walks, this weather  
is very unfavourable for chairs to make her calls, I believe  
she has not got through yet. I hope when the pleasant  
weather comes (if it ever is coming) she will honour the house  
with her presence a little oftener but I have no reason  
to complain, she has been twice, and that is more than  
she has been everywhere you know the old saying is "he  
contented with a little and that is the way to get more".  
I saw Sarah Ann yesterday in the street and just spoke  
to her I have met with her once at Maria's. Our piano is  
quite as fine as ever I never let a day pass without pay-  
ing it a slight compliment, though I don't regularly ~~let~~  
practise every day. I think there are many more things  
more important to attend to, but I must confess it  
is my favourite occupation as you well know. We  
have been reading Beatrice aloud I like it pretty well  
but not as well as many others I have read. As I know



you take an interest in all my concerns, I have the pleasure  
to inform you, that I <sup>have</sup> a cloak at last (all mown) nobodys  
else.) made out of the ~~cloth~~ I had last winter, and  
with my fur cake it looks quite trig (if I may use such  
an expression). We go to the Youngs church, but I fear we  
shall not be able to go so far in bad weather, then we  
shall some of us drag into the Greenwards. I am working  
another ruffle, the same pattern of the one what I lost in  
Hingham. I saw Mr Whittemore and Miss Dodge of Wey  
mouth the other day, but I believe they did not  
recognize me. I wish you would remember me  
kindly to Miss Sally Kingman and tell her the reason  
I did not come and see her, I fully intended to, but  
you know I left rather suddenly, if ever I come again  
I shall see her. I think next summer I may, possibly.  
It rains now harder than ever. I hope it will be pleasant  
tomorrow that I may carry this letter to West Street.  
The Forbes' are coming in town this week. dont let  
any one see this hooved scrawl, I showed yours to no  
one was I not a good girl? do write me a long letter  
by Caroline all your proceedings, it will interest me  
assume you. I suppose you will enjoy your grand  
than to giving, I hope the pies will not go a begging, or  
in other words, I hope they will find a market. I'll warrant  
they would if I was with you, I guess the plum puddings  
would walk if I was there, do write me soon a nice  
long letter. give lots of love to your good family, Father  
Mother and all, grandmother aunts Cousins one and  
all Lucretia and all her friends brothers and sisters  
now especially brothers Joshua, Frances and I forget  
the names of the others, speaking of the others, tell your  
Mother my wash string has quite recovered. that  
this may find you in good health and that you  
will have plenty of me and other goodies I remain  
as ever your loving Cousin Sylvia

I have ended this letter in  
rather a different strain from  
what I began it in.



For

Miss Debora Weston

Weymouth

Miss C. Weston